Poems (drafts)

- Brian Edwards

Our shadows move
in a place
of moving shadows
here I am
once again
wide awake
in a world
that seems
half asleep
here I am
emerging from
a cold winter
holding memories
of much snow
and ice
I have endured
another cold winter
I wonder
how many more
I have it in me
to endure
there are shadows
moving
all around me
the shadows
went through
this last winter
alongside me
birds of the morning
are singing
an immaculate
singing
these birds
of the morning
went through
this last winter
with me
they were never
far away
they wished for me
to hear
their immaculate
singing
every morning
through the long
winter
*** - 3/22/2026

I do not dance
I do not sing
there's too many
thorns in the wind
there's far too many
obvious conspiracies
I do not dance
even though
the flowers
are blooming
wicked whispers
saturate the air
in dim corridors
there are many
of us
that dream
of what tomorrow
could be
we wish it
to be brighter
bright as stars
shining
from across the sea

***

- 3/22/2026

Out on
my balcony
in the middle
of the night
I looked out
upon the
dark hills
surrounding
my villa
I could see
many witches
cauldrons
glowing
offerings cast
into boiling
liquids
there were
things to be seen
in those
cauldrons
of boiling liquids
the future
being one of them

***

- 3/22/2026

Fly like a bird
fly like Icarus
try not to fall
like Icarus
go across
the sky
with fire
and blazing
golden light
like Apollo
in his chariot
the days
and the nights
collect our dreams
often
then return them
to a forest
a grassy field
or a calm sea
at twilight
rest under
the faint light
of distant stars
and tomorrow
in an early hour
fly across
the sky
like Icarus

***

- 3/23/2026

Another day
the skies
are grey
in the barns
there's some stacks
of hay
at the toll booths
you must pay
they make you pay
to be on
your way
if you're going
over
to that side
of the river

***

- 3/23/2026

The bells
toll the hour
the silence
is parted
like water
the wind
sounds like
a serene choir
the monuments
of stone
testify
to their purpose
the lanterns glow
a distance aways
I wash ashore
upon dry land
like a dry shell
through me
can be heard
another ocean
on the other side
of the world

***

- 3/23/2026

I awaken
to a world
where crazed bats
build empires
out of
scenic twilights
and I know
that I shall find
the reprieve
I seek
in the dark
quiet night
iguanas
gaze upon
streetlights
owls ponder
the great
philosophical
questions

***

- 3/23/2026

We dance
the dance
that is without
dancing
in the last
embers
of the fading
daylight
we sing
the song
that is
never sung
and never will be
as Venus
first appears
bright
in the night sky

***

-3/23/2026

The teleprompters
tell us lies
the squids
in suits
lie to no one's
surprise
destiny awaits
in the bottomless pit
the cold hands
of fate and time
shall reach
for them
in conference
rooms
tell us
something now
muse of wind
bring us
a sea of distractions
upon vapor
upon the tide
of a Moonless night
bring us
what so many
can no longer see
that vision
of the great
threshold
that is
the dawn for us
before its hour

***

- 3/23/2026

Doesn't it
always
swing back around
we said
no crowns
yet the crowns
always seem
to return
as long as
money exist
serpents
will scheme
for a crown

***

- 3/22/2026

A familiar land
now seems
like a strange land
and I foolishly
took the bait
as now
we wait
to see the fate
of this poor
deceived
land of ours

***

- 3/22/2026

Morning again
plucked from
my own Elysium
of rest
cast back
into the world
of commercial
piranhas
would that I could
stay a bit longer
within the embrace
of a most
tranquil day
yet the clock
that old
friend and nemesis
calls me forth
there are things
that must be
seen to
I do not
deem them
of much importance
yet the
commercial
piranhas do
I awaken
to a cold
dark sky
I awaken
to a sinking
Moon
that may sink
into a garden
of the west
very soon
I awaken
to a dark sky
the dawn
is yet
an hour's time
hence

***

- 3/24/2026

The wolves
of the Full Moon
howl
over the radio
we hear silence
blended with static
and then
the sounds
of parallel
eternities
the Full Moon
enchants the soul
of many
as it should
it would be
distressing
to discover
that the Full Moon
no longer enchants
anyone's soul
yet it does
still enchant many
the lunar seas
call to
the mariner
of dreams

***

- 3/24/2026

Over mountains
across deserts
I have never been
I've been stuck
in the office
six days a week
while the world
mutates into
an unrecognizable
thing
through jungles
crossing
an entire sea
I haven't
done that either
woe is me
woe is we
too many of us
are stuck
in an office
six days a week

***

- 3/27/2026

The Sun
shines not
this day
it is
a bleak day
a day of
the vulture
the gargoyle
the politician
woe to the east
woe to the west
we're not
the best
not any longer
not even close
and the Sun
shines not
this bleak day

***

- 3/27/2026

Waking up
forgetting
where I am
then I remember
the forgetting
was better
crimson skies
and a web
of lies
when the snow
covers it all
I like it
very well
and then the fire
of a ghoulish day
melts it all
what can
I say
I liked the snow
and the forgetting
was better

***

- 3/27/2026

So I'll sleep
while the Moon
is up there
glowing
so I'll sleep
while the Styx
is down there
flowing
so I'll sleep
while Medusa
waits for me
tomorrow
I'll be turned
to stone
and at last
be set free

***

- 3/26/2026

Tiger
Zebra
Giraffe
in the night
what's that glowing
what's that light
that's my cigarette
glowing
in the night

***

- 3/26/2026

The systemic
corruption
has reached
a boiling point
soon steam
may be released
into the
atmosphere
in the form
of undignified
profanity

***

- 3/26/2026

I go to work
then go home
the boring cycle
rolls on and on
like tumbleweed
in a Nevada desert

***

- 3/26/2026

And now
we sing
and gaze up
at the Moon
so soon
could the Moon
forget us
like we
were never here
at all

***

- 3/26/2026

Watching
the harlequins
drinking
my latte
thinking
about
Elagabalus
and Artaud
thinking about
flower petals
strewn across
a marble floor
of vanity
and decline
what is there
to embrace
anymore
what is there
to testify with
each new dawn
brings only
a diminishing
sense of solace
where can I go
to escape
from the
rain clouds
starlight
dreaming of stars
I wish for
at least one moment
of true clarity

***

- 3/25/2026

What is there
even to say
served up
some more lies
this Sunny
fine day
truth is a thing
we are told
by the elders
once did exist
yet even
back then
it was mostly
a rarity
we've been
served up
this same
crock of beans
ever since

***

- 3/25/2026

They sell us
a story
a lemon
and a newspaper
the important
speaker
said things
that sounded
very important
though they were
all false
that doesn't
even surprise us
anymore
it's the truth
that we find
most shocking
to hear
yet we get by
just fine
we've got
plenty of lemons
and a newspaper

***

-3/25/2026

Dance
where the daffodils
are drunk
dance
in the house
of the skunk
burn
the tax forms
if you please
they'll never tax
my English tea again
hold out hope
for us
we are simply
waiting
for the return
of Orpheus
we are simply
waiting
for the mountains
to be rowdy again
with noisy
drunkards
lets go
to the islands
in June
we'll go fishing
in the lagoons
we'll wait
for the ultimate
fate of man
we'll fry our fish
in the frying pan

***

- 3/25/2026

Strange thoughts
stirring
in this
mariner's mind
the tempest waves
are sweeping fine
a horizon
of ocean
is all I see
this could be
the end
of the world
for me
how the sky
looks menacing

***

- 3/27/2026

Here we are
smoking
the mushroom
in the hour
of crows
here we are
laughing
at the asp
as it bites
our Queen
which was
her final wish
here we are
in a place
the gods
have forgotten
here we are
caught up
in an epic saga
of minutiae
that isn't epic
here we are
where we are
where the weeds
still grow
throughout
the winter
here we are
bringing
the philosopher
his lantern
and his bag
of weed
here we are
forty miles or so
from the sea
in a forest
of pines

***

- 3/28/2026

Across the old
infinite road
we'll walk
among
the tall grass
we'll forget
that civilization
ever existed
we'll promise
ourselves
to find
our paradise
on the Moon
we'll go sailing
someday
in the
Sea of Tranquility
we'll escape
our absurd
condition
across
the old
infinite road

***

- 3/28/2026

Take me down
the river
where pine
and Sunlight
mingle
the further down
the river I go
I feel I'm
taken back
to the past
distant
or not so
long ago
I can go back
I can go forward
on that river
where
the Sun's magic
shines
upon the water

***

- 3/28/2026

Now we go on
as many
tapestries
unravel
in the wind
now we go on
to where
the old timers
have been
now we go on
now we go on
into the garden
of roses
into the garden
of thorns
and we'll leave
a little blood
for the thorns
of tomorrow

***

- 3/28/2026

When the marbles
fall all around
what can be done
not a thing
it seems
the marbles
your marbles
were never really
yours to control
I know
it seems like
that isn't the case
to a degree
yet it's the case
I assure you
your marbles
belong
to lady fate
to the winds
and to
the sands of time
they're not really
yours to control
they never were
and so
the tides
will rise
and the tides
will recede
the birds
shall appear
and disappear
singing a song
in between

***

- 3/20/2026

A mystical light
in the garden
of time
an old grandfather
clock
in the villa
of the novelist
I wish
that I could
write novels
I should
give it a try
I'd like to
it's a lot
of work
a lot of detail
it's tough
to bring it
all together
it's a daunting
task
yet I feel
some measure
of inspiration
going by
the villa
of the novelist
in a mystical light

***

- 3/29/2026

So it is
we follow
a dream
along a flowing
stream
of sparkling
light
and dream
it will guide us
to that castle
where dreams
are reborn
and exist
on and on
infinitum

***

- 3/29/2026

It is
an hour
without stars
yet it is
only an hour
the natural
tapestry
of atmosphere
sky and
visibility
folds in the wind
and yields
to the night's
cathedral
of shining stars

***

- 3/29/2026

Through
the mist
I saw the shores
of a different world
I beheld
time itself
dissolving into
a vision
many untethered
thoughts
were thrown about
in the breeze
and came to rest
upon a calm sea
within the world
of this vision
in these moments
truth became
beautiful
and terrifying
all that once
the mind
suddenly exposed
to symphonies
of cosmic knowledge
all at once
like a tidal wave
within the soul
all of my memories
and this powerful
realization
of truth and reality
mingling
like mist
and the light
of dawn
upon the calm sea

***

- 3/29/2026

It was a time
when cosmic forces
were at play
stars pulled
at each of us
through their
command
of gravitational
influence
each star
out there
in the heavens
wished for us
to hear their music
each star
spoke to us
in eloquent
and refined
language
it was a time
when we knew
that
the worldly
languages
were misleading us
pulling us closer
to a great chasm
of catastrophe
the stars
wished to save us
from ourselves
yes ... to put it
bluntly
the stars wished
to save us
from ourselves
for in
relative terms
we are still
a young species
and it is
often the case
that we fail
to appreciate
the magnitude

of what we do
by listening
to the wondrous
songs
of the stars
it is possible
for us
to open our eyes
at last

***

- 3/29/2026

Time to touch
the tooth
of destiny
in a hanging
garden
in Babylon
I learned
what it meant
to have
a broken heart
time flows on
empires rise
become too
corrupted
and fall
to the tune
of a fiddle
time to touch
the tooth
of destiny
so it is
so it is indeed
and I know
that I'll revere
the sea forever
and snow covered
mountains
how I love
to gaze upon
those snow covered
mountains

***

- 3/29/2026